King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and don'd his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alacke and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers) So ſhould I a done by yonder ſunne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Laides God night, God night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholeſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,

And

And wants not buzzers to infect hi
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathe
Wherein neceſſity of matter begge
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arr
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertr*
Like to a murdring-peece in many p
Giues me ſuperfluous death.

Enter a meſſ

King. Attend, where are my Sw
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lor
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt.
Eates not the flats with more imper
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous he
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabb
And as the world were now but to
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not kno
The ratifiers and props of euery wo
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd i
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King

Que. How cheerefully on the fal
O this is counter, you falſe Daniſh c

Enter Laert

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſ

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the d
Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood thats c
Cries cuckold to my father, brands
Euen heere betweene the chaſt vnſ
Of my true mother.

King What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-

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